

The Evening World.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 35 to 65
Park Row, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Possessions: One Year, \$5.00; Six Months, \$3.00; Three Months, \$1.50. For Europe and the Continent and All Countries in the Postal Union: One Year, \$10.00; Six Months, \$6.00; Three Months, \$3.00. Single Copies, 10 Cents.
VOLUME 49.....NO. 17,831.

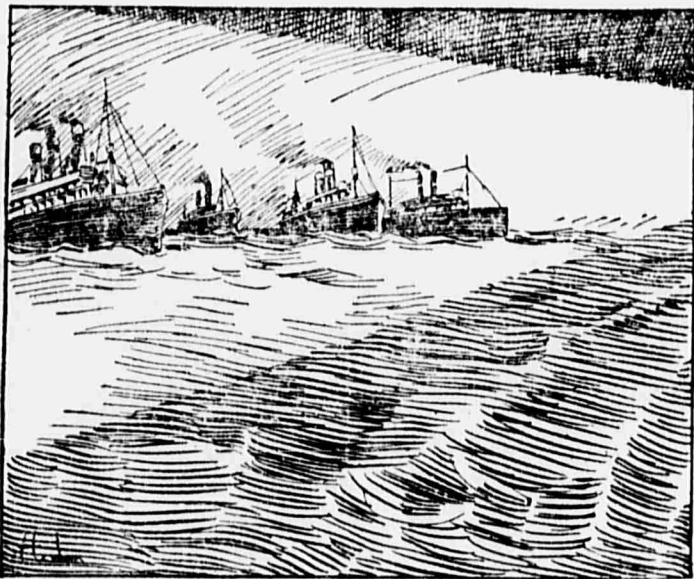
LIGHT UP THE CHANNEL.



NEW YORK CITY'S greatness depends on two factors—its people and its natural advantages. The biggest of these natural advantages is its transportation facilities. The many railroads which center here came not because New York was New York, but because New York had a port unsurpassed in commodiousness, safety and facilities for both domestic and foreign traffic.

The utilization of this port has really only begun. Less than a quarter of the water front of Manhattan Island is improved as it should be. Only part of the Brooklyn water front gives those facilities which it is able to provide. Staten Island is utilized only in part. Jamaica Bay remains to be developed. The channels from the ocean have not been developed to keep pace with human invention as applied to cheap water transportation.

London, which is situated far inland, has dredged and improved its one river until it will accommodate large ocean vessels. Manchester, an inland city, had built at great expense an ocean going canal. Liverpool, Havre, Hamburg, Bremen and other European ports, with only a fraction of New York City's natural advantages, have improved what they had until they offer at least as good if not better than New York's facilities.

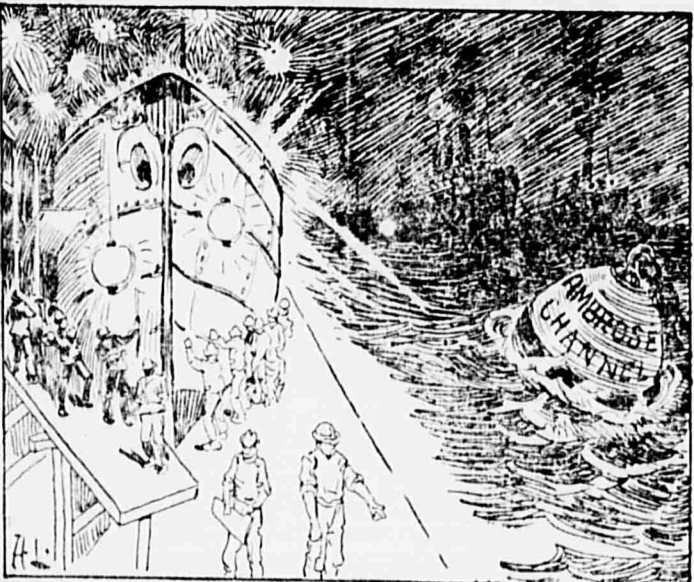


The same Congress which has increased by tens of millions of dollars the appropriations for war has refused a few thousand dollars which would add to the benefits of peace. There was an item in the appropriation bill of \$55,000 for lighting Ambrose channel. This was stricken out, thereby restricting the use of this important channel to the daylight hours.

As Capt. Pritchard, of the Mauretania, said after his arrival at this port:

"If Ambrose channel had been lighted up last night I should have come straight up to quarantine."

With the great steamship companies expending millions of dollars to build larger ships to shorten the time of passage and to carry freight and passengers with more safety and comfort, the least New York can do is to light their way.



If Congress, which expends \$136,000,000 for a navy which will be junk before the United States becomes involved in a righteous war, continues its refusal to appropriate \$55,000 to light Ambrose channel the people who are interested in the shipping interests of New York should get together and illuminate this ocean gateway by private contribution.

Cos Cob Nature Notes.

WOLFE COTTER LOVER died last week, aged eighty-two years. He was our oldest citizen and greatly respected. For fifty-one years he had made the daily trip to New York and back on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, missing but three working days in all that time. In round figures he had therefore traveled 1,000,000 miles on President Melan's railroad. This is probably the most remarkable record of human endurance ever known.

We proposed last week that it Jay and Jim would show their hands at the Saturday town meeting. They did. All four fists were up in the air.

The papers in the Metropolitan announce that the ice cream has been a failure. This is pretty much true here. Even our politicians are now getting very little of the conical aqua. We will not suffer much, though, on either account. One of our kermes has a place where he can freeze ice cream in large clean cakes without mud or straw in it. As for our politicians, most of them have stored up enough "ice" to last for some time without eating any.

Percy D. Adams says a Lincoln student is a good fellow, but that he is ignorant of practical affairs. We await with interest to hear what J. L. S. will say back to him when he learns of it. Privately, we think Percy is a Cross little boy.

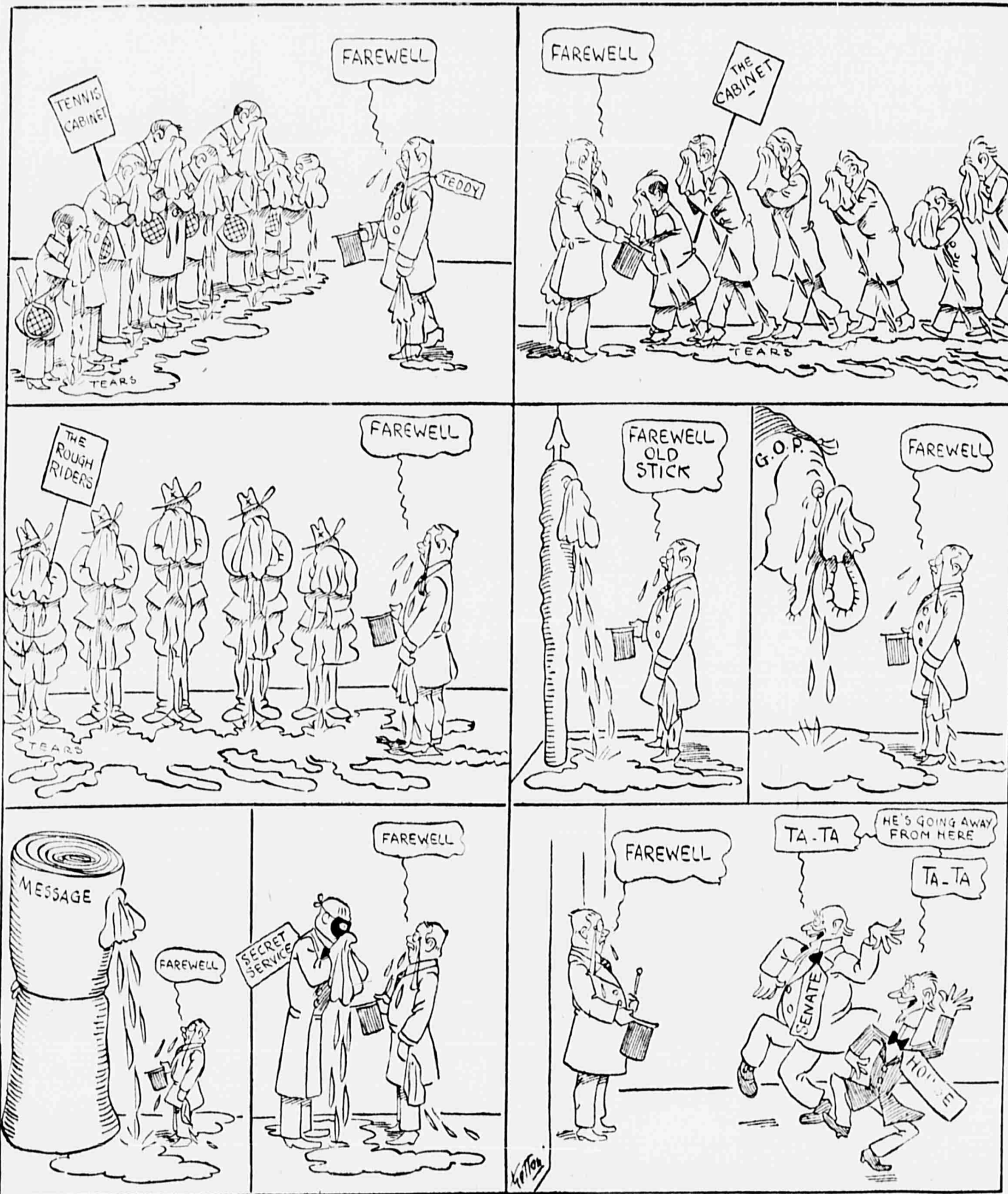
Next Saturday our citizens hold another public town meeting to decide how they will govern themselves. The indication is that they will prefer being a Hole to a Burrow. The four or five public men who have been elected to Permanent Selectmen and Town Council J. L. S. will, with some help from Jim. A few of our citizens have found that they still possess the Faculty of Speech, and the result is somewhat satisfactory.

The recent heavy winds have had a very bad effect upon the claims in our population, causing the large fat ones to fall off the trees. The honey bees are easily caught. The claims and operators are the only wild animals that can be caught without running.

The grass is showing green in sheltered spots, and now and then the honey bees creep out to see what the weather is up to.

Farewell!

By Maurice Ketten.



Mr. and Mrs. Stryker Dine With the Jarrs en Famille and Enjoy the Innocent Ways of the Jarr Children

By Roy L. McCardell.

MRS. JARR was all of a flutter. Mr. and Mrs. Stryker had come to dinner. Mr. Jarr was taking off his overcoat in the hall and he didn't seem at all disturbed. But that's just like the men, they don't care. "Mr. Jarr's just come," said Mrs. Jarr, returning to the front room to her guests. "He's so pleased to think you have actually come to take dinner with us!"

Mr. Jarr entered at this moment and bade the Strykers good evening.

"You won't mind if I leave you a moment or so," said Mrs. Jarr, nervously, to her guests. "But I want to give the children their supper first. Children are such a nuisance at the table."

"Now, my dear Mrs. Jarr, you mustn't put yourself out this way for us!" said

Mrs. Stryker gushingly. "You know we came to dine en famille, and, actually, if there is one thing that made us look forward to it with pleasure more than anything else, it was that we would see those dear, bright children of yours. Let them dine with us. I love children so. It has been the great sorrow of my life that we have none."

"That's what they all say, but the sorrow of most childless New York women is generally artfully concealed. 'You'll be sorry,' said Mr. Jarr. 'They've got the worst manners!—He would have said more, but Mrs. Jarr was giving him such a look."

"Oh, the dear little things! It's just their irrepressible spirits," said Mrs. Stryker.

"I don't want no soup!" cried the little boy as soon as the guests, his sister and his parents sat down at the table.

"Willie, behave!" said his father gravely from the foot of the table.

"Them's Mrs. Kitting's knives and forks," said the little girl to Mrs. Stryker, and that's her cut glass dish; she don't know we have them, but her girl, Gertrude, lent 'em to my mamma!"

Mrs. Jarr, flushing to her brow, said nothing, but she was wondering where she had put the whip.

"I go to school without washing my neck!" said the little boy proudly to Mrs. Stryker.

"Ah, indeed," said Mrs. Stryker; "you are a fine boy!" Mr. Stryker may have meant this, too, for he wasn't the neatest person in the world in many ways.

"I want that piece of chicken; don't give it to her, maw!" cried the boy. "It's the wish bone!"

"I want the wish bone; can't I have the wish bone?" asked the little girl. Mrs. Stryker, who was about to receive this, insisted that, really, she preferred the dark meat and the children should be given the breast with the wish bone.

There would have been a riot at this point, but Mrs. Jarr had a pair of roast fowls, and to keep peace at the table gave the children each the breast.

"I am on a diet, Mrs. Jarr," said Mrs. Stryker. "May I ask for the crust end of the loaf?"

The children, who had always refused this portion of the loaf, now seeing it in demand, eyed it eagerly, but the silver broad tray being nearer the little boy, he seized the crust end. A diversion occurred at this point in Mrs. Jarr's endeavoring to make the boy

linguist. It. But Mrs. Stryker smiled and said it really didn't matter.

"The smoked tongue is excellent," added Mrs. Stryker. "Where did you get it?" Mrs. Jarr mentioned the name of a leading caterer, but the boy bawled: "You didn't get it there, maw. I got it at Beiler, the butcher's, and he said he wanted to know when you was going to pay!"

Here the boy felt his father's hand grasp his knee and he subsided.

"There's plenty more of the tongue, take this piece," said Mrs. Jarr, pointing to the last of the tongue.

Mrs. Stryker shook her head, and Mr. Jarr, remarking he'd take it if there was plenty more, passed his plate. Mr. Stryker said he'd take another slice, too, but Mrs. Jarr ignored the request, but looked daggers at Mr. Jarr, for there was no more.

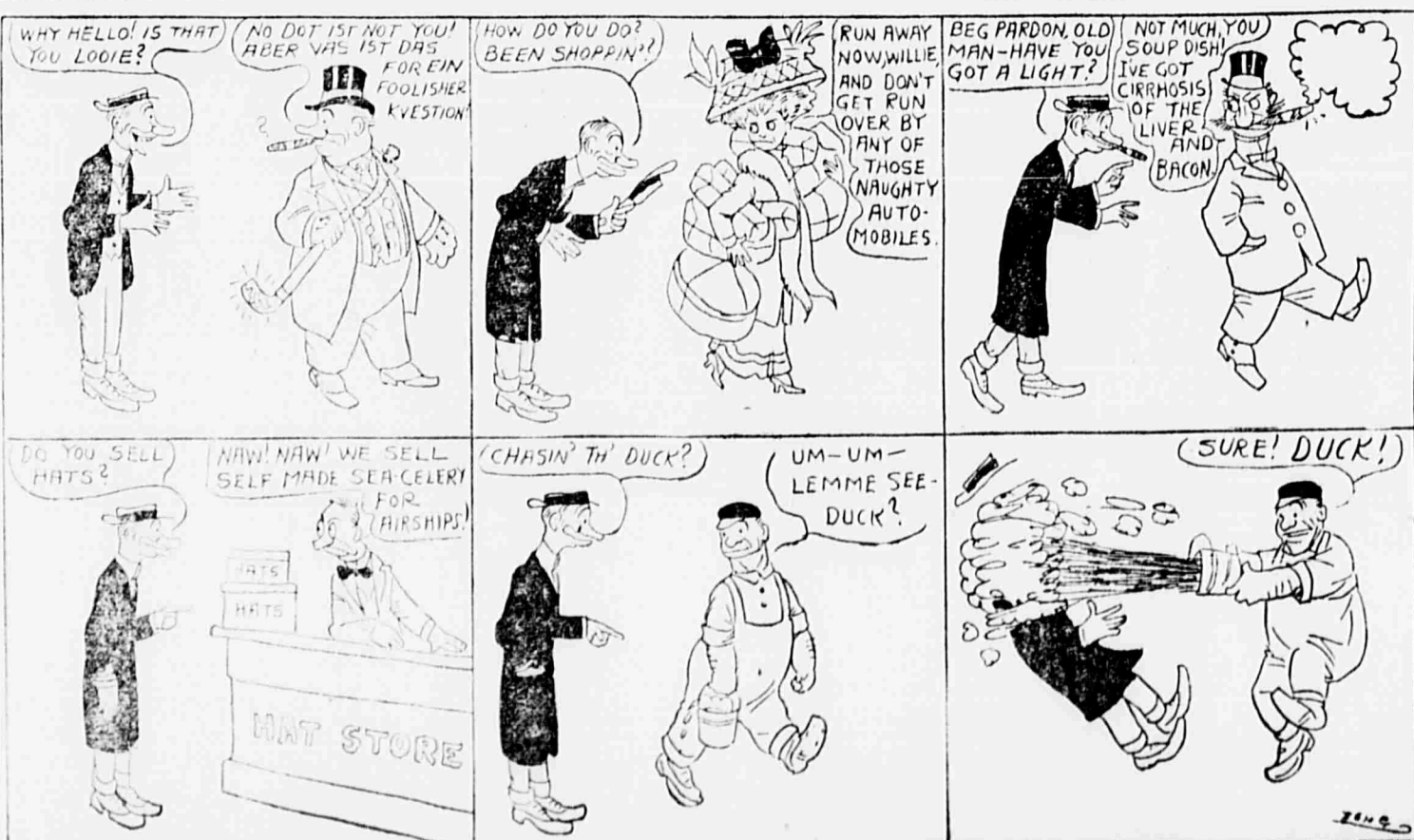
"Gimme the ice cream first, maw!" bawled the little girl. "Willie's stuck his finger in it!"

"What dear children, so natural!" murmured Mrs. Stryker. "How I envy you, Mrs. Jarr!"

But that wasn't what she said as she went home, and Mr. Jarr's opinion was that child murder could be condoned. As for Mrs. Jarr, she just cried.

Have You Met JOHNNY QUIZ?

By F. G. Long



Fifty Historical Mysteries

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 5.—"THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND NECKLACE."

IN the autumn of 1784 a firm of jewellers, Bohmer & Bassenge, brought to Paris a huge and very ugly diamond necklace. A wit of the time said this necklace resembled nothing so much as an enormous chest-protector. But it was as costly as it was hideous, being worth about \$320,000. It had earlier been ordered by King Louis XV. as a gift for the Duchess Du Barry. But the King had died before the necklace could be finished. So the jewellers had it on their hands. As it had been bought with borrowed money, they were especially eager to sell it.

Louis XVI. was King of France at this time. The follies of the stupid monarch and of his pretty, frivolous, unfortunate wife, Marie Antoinette, were fast driving France to revolution. Knowing the extravagance of Marie Antoinette, the jewellers sought to sell her the necklace. She replied that it was not pretty and that she did not want it. In vain Bohmer went on his knees and besought her with tears to purchase the bauble. He even threatened to drown himself if she did not buy it. Those who knew Marie Antoinette wondered at her refusal. Then the Countess de la Motte, a very distant relative of the King, informed the jewellers that the Queen really wished the necklace, but that she feared to rouse the populace to anger by this fresh bit of extravagance, so would secretly buy it through an agent. From Bohmer & Bassenge, the Countess went to the Cardinal de Rohan, Grand Almoner of the Kingdom, told him that Marie Antoinette wished him to buy the necklace for her, and that Her Majesty would pay for it in four quarterly instalments.

The Rohan, who the Queen disliked and had unmercifully snubbed, thought he saw in this deal a chance of regaining court favor. The Countess showed him a written guarantee, signed "Marie Antoinette of France," and he willingly bought the necklace, vouching to the jewellers for its payment. He turned it over to the Countess and saw her deliver it to a man whom he believed to be the Queen's messenger.

Then trouble set in. To Rohan's surprise the Queen never wore the necklace in public. Nor were the Cardinal's interests at court advanced. On July 12, 1788, Bohmer (who began to wonder why he had not been paid) wrote to the Queen, politely demanding her. Marie Antoinette went straight to her husband with the letter. As Rohan came to the palace chapel, in his robes of office, to celebrate high mass, Louis XVI. questioned him. The Cardinal told his story. The Queen turned on him with fury, repudiating the transaction. The amazed Cardinal said he had probably been duped and offered to pay for the necklace. This did not satisfy the King. Urged on by the furious Queen, he had Rohan arrested and turned over to Parliament for public trial.

Here, in brief, is the queer story, true or false, that came out at this tribunal: From a tangle of testimony emerged the statement that Rohan had supplied the Countess de la Motte with money from time to time, on her claim that she could make his peace with the Queen. Once, the Countess had made an appointment for him to meet and speak with Marie Antoinette alone, by night, in a grove. A girl named D'Oliva had been induced by the Countess and her rascally husband to impersonate the Queen. D'Oliva had given Rohan a rose and had whispered: "You may hope that the past is forgotten." Just then an accomplice of the Countess had hurried to them, crying that members of the court were approaching. So D'Oliva fled and the interview ended abruptly.

The Countess had also shown Rohan forged letters about himself, purporting to be from the Queen, and Cagliostro (a quack magician, in whose mystic powers Rohan superstitiously believed) had produced so-called "spiritual" proofs that Marie Antoinette would restore him to court favor. Later, Cagliostro told Rohan that the Queen's letter guaranteeing payment was a palpable forgery. According to the testimony, the conspirators had cut the necklace to pieces and had lived riotously on its sale. The Countess had finally told the jewellers the whole transaction was a hoax, but that Rohan would pay.

If any part of this alleged evidence was true, the Queen must stand acquitted of all guilt in regard to the matter. Yet the French people at large sided with the Cardinal and against her. The affair did much to add to Marie Antoinette's unpopularity. It also hastened the French revolution, which caused her death and that of her stupid, luckless husband. Rohan (after a nine month trial that scandalized Europe) was acquitted.

But the lightness of the conspirators' penalty (in those days when treason and theft were both punished by swift execution) set tongues wagging, and still further injured the tottering royal cause. The man who had forged the Queen's name was merely exiled. D'Oliva was set free. The Countess de la Motte was whipped and branded on the hand (biting and scratching at her guards like a wildcat) and was then sent temporarily to prison, where she enjoyed luxuries denied to her fellow criminals.

So much for the twisted, mysterious story of the Queen's Diamond Necklace. Few if any other historical mysteries are so involved and leave so many "loose ends" of unsettled doubts. No other mystery, perhaps, ever led to such tremendous results. For the episode was one of the chief immediate causes of a mighty revolution that scourged and ultimately purified a whole nation.

Missing numbers of this series may be obtained by sending one cent stamp, for each number required, to Circulation Department, Evening World.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

Translated By Helen Rowland.



MY daughter, wouldst thou enter the Kingdom of Matrimony? Then, I charge thee, observe my wisdom; for the understanding of Man is the beginning of a GOOD INCOME.

Lo, a NAGGING woman is as too much pepper in the soup, but a docile wife knoweth a GOOD EXCUSE when she heareth one and accepteth cheerfully any apology. Verily, she shall dwell in a HOTEL-apartment forever and her husband shall CODDLE her all the days of his life.

Behold then, these be the reasons why a man taketh a highball—and any one of them is GOOD ENOUGH:

1. Because he feeleth blue.
2. Because he feeleth happy.
3. Because he feeleth nervous.
4. Because he lacketh NERVE.
5. Because he shivereth with the cold.
6. Because he panteth with the heat.
7. Because a certain horse hath won—or because it hath lost.
8. Because he is lonesome.
9. Because he is in good company.
10. Because of his wife.
11. Because of some other man's wife.
12. Because he hath not had one for twenty-four hours.
13. Because he hath just had one—and wanteth another.
14. Because he hath much to do and requirith fortification.
15. Because he hath nothing else to do.
16. Because he is invited to, because he is "driven" to, because he is "tempted" to and—because he WANTS to.

Yea, verily, and also "just because." Selah!

The Day's Good Stories

She Drew the Line.

LADIES and gentlemen, began the dime museum professor, placing his hand on a furry animal at his right. "This is the well-known but much-misunderstood creature called in Florida the wood-pusle and in the Northern latitudes the plain, ordinary skunk."

"Look at it closely and you will perceive that it is harmless when not aroused, and but for its indelicate habits might be used as a household pet."

"This specimen, ladies and gentlemen, has been in captivity for a long time, as you may see from the lack of gloss upon its fur and the matted and untidy

A Spoiled Kiss.

H—Are you really angry because I asked to kiss you? She—Yea, because you asked—upon me fur and the matted and untidy Cornell Widow.